FREEDOM's HOLIDAY

CUP 21 g 37/82

A SONG.

SONS of Freedom, come along,
Liberty, ſweet Nymph, appears:
Hail her with a grateful Song,
Soon ſhe'll vanquiſh all our Fears.
CHORUS. Come away, come away,
Now is Freedom's Holiday.

See her Sons at your Command,
Hither hie to aid your Cauſe:
Give to each your Heart and Hand,
Greet them with your loud Huzzas.
Come away, &c.

Let the gazing World around,
Mark the Firmneſs we maintain;
Shew that Virtue yet is found,
Ripe to burſt a galling Chain.
Come away, &c.

In Phipps and Delaval we ſee,
All that Freedom can inſpire;
Hearts to guard our Liberty,
Heads to aid our Heart's Deſire.
Come away, &c.

Let ſuch Worthies bear the Sway,
All our Rights they'll ſoon reſtore;
Tyranny will trudge away,
And the Hydra vaunt no more.
Come away, &c.

Fill, my Souls, the jovial Glaſs,
Fill, and all our Warmth expreſs,
Give, in Bumpers as they paſs,
Phipps and Delaval's Succeſs.
Come away, &c.